My words would bandie her to my ſweet Loue.
And his to me, but old ſolkes, many faine as they were dead,
Vnweildie, ſlow, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes, O honey *Nurſe* what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.

Nur. *Peter* ſtay at the gate.

Iu. Now good ſweet *Nurſe*, O Lord, why look'ſt thou ſad?
Though newes, be ſad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou sham'ſt the Muſick of ſweet newes,
By playing it to me, with ſo ſower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue a while,
Fye how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?

Iu. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come, I pray thee ſpeake, good, good *Nurſe* ſpeake.

Nur. Ieſu what haſt, can you not ſtay a while?
Doe you not ſee that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou do'ſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the Tale thou do'ſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either and Ile ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, iſt good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a ſimple choice, you know not how to chooſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he, though his face be better then any mans, yet his legge excels all mens, and for a hand and a foot and body, though they bee not to bee talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: he is not the flower of curteſie, but Ile warrant him as gentle as a Lambe: goe thy wayes Wench, ſerue God. What haue you dinde at home?

Iu. No, no, but all this did I know before
What ſayes he of our Marriage, what of that?

Nur. Lord, how my head akes, what a head haue I:
It beates as it would fall in twentie pieces.
My backe a tother ſide, a my backe, my backe:
Beſhrew your heart for ſending me about

To

To catch my death with iaunt
Iu. Ifaith I am ſorry that th
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet *Nurſe*, tel
Nur. Your Loue ſayes like
And a curteous, and a kind, a
And I warrant a vertuous, wh
In. Where is my mother, v
ſhe bee?
How odly thou replyeſt:
Your Loue ſayes like an honeſ
Where is your Mother?
Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you ſo hot, marry come v
Is this the poultis for my akin
Hence-forward doe your Meſſ
Iu. Here's ſuch a coyle, co
Nur. Haue you got leaue t
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence
There ſtayes a Husband to mak
Now comes the wanton bloud
They'le be in Scarlet ſtraight a
Hie you to Church, I muſt anot
To fetch a Ladder by the whic
Muſt climbe a Birds-neaſt ſoon
I am the Drudge, and toyle in y
But you ſhall beare the burthen
Goe Ile to dinner, hye you to th
Iu. Hie to high fortune, hon

Enter Frier *and*

Fri. So ſmile the Heauens v
That after houres, with ſorrow
Ro. Amen, Amen, but come
It cannot counteruaile the exchan
That one ſhort minute giues me i
Doe thou but cloſe our hands wit

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.